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Spectator of Books.

MISS LANDON'S PROSE.

"Defend me from my friends!"

Romance and Reality. By L. E. L.
3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

"THE poetical productions under the initial sobriquet of L. E. L. having obtained very high celebrity, while their writer was yet in the precincts of early girlhood, and, during the few years that have since elapsed, having extended her fame and popularity to the widest range of English language, no slight degree of expectation has been naturally excited towards this her first effort in prose composition."

So sings *The Literary Gazette* of November 26; a full week, by the bye, before the novel we are about to consider was published!

That Miss Landon has written a vast deal of very pretty poetry we are prepared to admit, though further than that we feel inclined to call her claims in question.—Pretty words about pretty things, put up in pretty parcels, with pretty rhymes to bind them, her poetry was just of a prettiness to captivate sentimental young ladies, raw college youths, and antiquated maidens and bachelors of every degree of unhappiness. Miss Landon, then, has written a great deal of pretty poetry, to which we willingly award our truest admiration; but she has also written a considerable quantity of nonsense, which was but very partially concealed beneath the glittering surface of her verse. Now, though ladies may claim "poetic license" to put nonsense into rhyme, reason resumes her authority in the humble walk of prose, and here, at least, we expect to find something intelligible.

The Literary Gazette, after an eloquent and highly-wrought eulogium on Miss Landon's poetry, tells us that it had been a problem how far successful all her peculiar talents would be in the pages of a novel; and then immediately assures us, that, "so far as its opinion goes, it must be decided in a way which will much augment the reputation of the author;" that "*Romance and Reality*" is "a perfectly original specimen of fictitious narrative;" and that "there is no performance of the

class, within its knowledge, which it resembles." It appears, moreover, that this novel is "totally different from the writer's poetry." Now, that prose and poetry should not be exactly alike is natural enough, yet, in the present instance, it is peculiarly true and worthy of remark.

Miss Landon's poetry used to be wild, original, and free, like the sportive antics of a half-fledged muse; her prose is grave and sententious, cramped, asthmatic, and tottering, like a worn-out rake, to whom the follies and fripperies of the world had become a drug. Her poetry was tossed about like a plaything in the sunny hours of youthful leisure; her prose is taken up like a task, ponderous in itself, and rendered yet more irksome by the heavy responsibility of having a reputation to support. The continual searching after something to say, and then the constant seeking of words to say it in, is apparent throughout; and, as a parallel case, we would point to her preface, where she assures us that she altered the name of her hero "some dozen times;" and confesses to having "read the peerage through twice, and actually become interested in the divisions of the House, to see if there was a pretty name in either majority or minority;"—while an author of true genius, who was at all inspired with his story, would soon find a name at his command, and, probably, never think twice about the matter.

After this confession, we are not much surprised at the awkward opening of Chapter 1, which appears to have been so turned and twisted about, that it has now actually neither beginning nor ending, and runs thus:—

"Such a room must be at least a century's remove from London; large, white, wainscotted; six narrow windows; red curtains, most ample in their dimensions; an Indian screen, a present in which expectation had found 'ample space and verge enough' to erect theories of their cousin, the nabob's, rich legacies, ending, however, as many such expectations do, in a foolish marriage and a large family; a dry-rubbed floor, only to have been stepped in the days of hoops and handings; and some dozen of large chairs, covered with elaborate tracery, each chair cover the business of a life spent in satin-stitch."—Now this is really, after all, a very good picture of a country squire's parlour; and it grieves us much to be obliged to inquire

at the very outset—"such a room"—as which?—and, again, whose "cousin" is it, and whose "large family?" It cannot possibly be the "red curtains," nor the "Indian screen's." In what immediately follows we have a very good catalogue of the family portraits that adorned the walls; the effect of which, however, is marred by several forced constructions and some glaring inaccuracies; of which latter, the mention of the grandpapas with "one hand, or rather three fingers, in the bosom of each flowered waistcoat—the small three cornered hat under each arm," obliges us to suppose that each of those worthy gentlemen possessed either an arm less, or a head more, than the usual race of bipeds.

The concluding description of the family party is lamentably incumbered with affectation:—"The centre of the rug was occupied by two white cats,—one worked in worsted, and surrounded by a wreath of roses,—the other asleep, with a blue riband round her neck; and all as still and quiet as the Princess Nonchalante—who, during her lover's most earnest supplication, only begged he would not hurry himself—could have wished." This appeal to the Princess Nonchalante, "who, during, &c." is a specimen of a new and elegant method of unostentatious display, which is further exemplified by the continual recurrence of such *passim* remarks as:—"Is not Locke the great philosopher who says—?"—"Piron used to observe;"—"Rousseau says;"—"The lively American writer;"—&c. &c. &c.

That there is much talent in these volumes, nobody who reads them can deny; that there are many scenes that have given us unfeigned pleasure, is also true; that L. E. L. is possessed of genius, we are more than ever persuaded; but—that the best abilities may be ruined by vanity and affectation, is the melancholy feeling that constantly accompanies our admiration. L. E. L. is a keen but not a deep observer of human nature;—her pen is sharp enough to scratch the skin, but cannot probe the inward heart of man;—like the smooth, flat tiles which little boys send skimming in "ducks and drakes" o'er the muddy fish-pond, her ready wit is ever dancing on the surface of things, making a pleasant splash and sparkle as she pops down, then springing abruptly to another spot,—so tickling and worrying the bosom, but unable to fathom the inward recesses of the vasty deep.

Her heroes are scarcely made of flesh and blood, with deep blue eyes and a due proportion of sentiment;—her heroines consist of flushed skins, blue eyes, sparkling tresses, no little vanity, and a great deal of sentiment.—Neither of them appear to be possessed of hearts, and yet they are involved most perplexingly in love, which, it is needless to add, is only skin deep.

Emily, our first heroine is thus described in page 4. Alliteration, it will be seen, both here and throughout the three volumes, is a conceit in which Miss Landon particularly prides herself:—

"Young she was—but nineteen, that pleasantest of ages, just past the blushing, bridling, and bewildering coming out, when a courtesy and compliment are equally embarrassing; when one half the evening is spent in thinking what to do and say, and the other half in repenting what has been said and done. Pretty she was—very pretty: a profusion, &c." Her peculiar mental and senti-mental qualities are thus displayed:—

"Sometimes Emily might think it was rather dull, and lay down *The Morning Post* with a sigh! or close her novel with a hope!"

She at length takes up her work, and Chapter 2 opens with the same abruptness as Chapter 1:—

"But one rose-bud and half a leaf of the frounce were finished, when it was hastily restored to the work-box, the ringlets involuntarily smoothed back, both uncle and aunt awakened, for a carriage had driven rapidly into the court."

We must pass over several pages in which we have an account of the introduction of Mr. Delawarr, a member of Parliament and minister of state,—of Emily's shrinking back till, being flattered into good-nature, she "found herself talking, smiling, and singing her very best,"—of Mr. Delawarr's dreamy recollections of his early freaks of sentiment,—and of an event next morning at breakfast, when Emily "looked so like her mother while pouring the cream into his coffee, that the invitation he gave her to visit Lady Alicia in London was sincere as it was cordially given."

The opening of Chapter 3 is another elaborate effort of affectation:—

"Snow-dropped, crocused, and violeted Spring, in the country, was beginning to consider about making her will, and leaving her legacies of full-blown flowers and green fruit to Summer, when"—what?—"a letter from town arrived, franked by Montague Delawarr, M.P."

Emily is now about to leave her kind uncle and aunt, and this gives rise to some observations on affairs of the heart:—

"A great change in life is like a cold-bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first

plunge. Affection is more a matter of habit than sentiment, more so than we like to admit." The sorrows at parting from one's home and one's friends, are then ridiculed with more piquancy than good taste:—

"There were the servants gathered in the hall, with proper farewell faces; her aunt, hitherto busy in seeing the carriage duly crammed with sandwiches and sweetmeats, having nothing more to do, began to weep. A white handkerchief is a signal of distress, always answered," &c.

Again, take the following in continuation:—

"There is something very amusing in the misfortunes of others. However, to borrow an established phrase from those worthy little volumes, entitled *The Clergyman's, Officer's, and Merchant's Widows*, when the disconsolate relict is recalled from weeping over the dear departed, by the paramount necessity of getting one of her fourteen children into the Blue-Coat School,—'the exertion did her good!'"

One more specimen of the "exquisite tenderness," mentioned by *The Literary Gazette*:—

"I will tell you a story. Once upon a time a lady died much regretted; for she was as kind-hearted an individual as ever gave birth-day presents in her life, or left legacies at her death. When they heard the intelligence, the whole of a married daughter's family were in great distress,—the mother cried bitterly, so did the two eldest daughters, as fitting and proper to do. The youngest child of all, a little creature who could not in the least recollect its grandmother, nevertheless retired into a corner, and threw its pinafore over its face. 'Poor dear little creature!' said the nurse, 'don't you cry, too.' 'I'm not crying,' replied the child; 'I only pretend.' Regret and enjoyment are much the same; people are like the child,—they only pretend."

Now this may or may not be a true picture of depraved human nature, but, if true, it is decidedly not, in our mind, a fit subject for mirth;—and least of all should we expect the joke from one who had been talking about love, and grief, and broken hearts, even from "the precincts of early girlhood."

Miss Landon does not seem to entertain a very high opinion of the intellect of her own sex;—nor can we, in the following specimens, perceive any of that "same warmth of feeling combined with the same purity of female delicacy," of which the *Gazette* makes such boast:—

"Few women, indeed, think, but most feel; now Lady Alicia did neither."

Again:—a marriage had been planned and settled between young Montague Delawarr and Alicia Lorraine;—and the lo-

vers are about to be introduced for the first time:—

"With something more like emotion than she had ever felt in her life before, Lady Alicia Lorraine made her appearance, and a very fair appearance it was; both figure and face were fine, her dress elegant, and the turquoises so becoming, that when Montague took his seat by her at the table, he began to think the wife herself was something in the matrimonial contract about to be made. The delusion, by a little maternal arrangement, hints of timidity, &c. lasted very respectably till after the wedding, when with as little blushing, and as much blonde as possible, the name of Lorraine was changed for Delawarr."

Our favourite alliterations now come to our assistance to complete the picture of this stupid good-for-nothing lady, whose "cashmere, character, and carriage were alike irreproachable."

A very perfect acquaintance with the mysteries of marriage-hunting is displayed in these volumes, and the vanity of "making oneself unhappy about it" gives rise to the following aphorism, which *The Gazette* declares to be worthy of Rochefoucauld:—

"Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it."

In the course of her exposé of the Fergusson family, L. E. L. gives us a rather novel definition of an unmarried marriageable young lady:—

"Still, two seasons, besides watering places, had passed away fruitlessly; and the Misses Fergussons, of whom two only had yet passed the rubicon of balls, operas, &c. coming out, were still the fair but unappropriated adjectives of the noun-substantive husband."

Miss Landon seems to think that the whole art of novel-writing, and the whole delight of novel-reading, consist in surprise; and, accordingly, surprises in language, surprises in character, surprises in incident, and scene, and situation are dealt out with unmerciful liberality. Chapter 5, for instance, closes with a dull, fiddle-faddling morning visit in Lady Alicia's drawing-room; we turn the page, and lo! Chapter 6 thus throws us into a maze of inquiry of—"where, who, when, what?"

Ex. gr.:—

"Impossible! if your highness would but consider."

"I never considered in my life, and am not going to begin now. I cross the river, if you please, before you black cloud."

Voice 1 again urges the danger of the expedition, but voice 2 is peremptory:—

"One of the most pertinacious of the boatmen now began to mutter something about a family, at once large and small."

The young Englishman, for such we discover him to be, replies with a boldness and anti-hubbug resolution worthy of his

country; and, addressing the boatmen as "descendants of the sea-kings," gives us the first hint whence to surmise that he is on the coast of Norway. The laconic-abrupt style of the "family both large and small," is somewhat of sort with a passage in the next sentence, in which the young Englishman, "rose from the deck, where he had been sleeping, wrapped in his cloak and—his thoughts."

Now, these, and such like little waggeries may be very allowable once and away, where accident or hurry can be pleaded in excuse, but to be doomed to read three thick volumes, studded, and laboriously wrought out with little or nothing else, is really too great a trial of our patience and ingenuity. A former page informs us, that Lady Alicia's father "went out of town and the ministry together."

But we must now proceed to the further description of our hero, if such he can be called; and certain it is, that, however deficient the fairer sex may be represented to be in that quality, the "feminine delicacy" of the gentleman in question is quite ample atonement:—

"The excitement of the moment had given even more than ordinary paleness to his cheek, while its character of determination redeemed, what was almost a fault, the *feminine delicacy of his mouth*; the moonlight above was not more spiritual than the depths of his *large blue eyes*; and the rain that had washed his hair, only gave even more glossiness to the light auburn waves that shadowed a forehead whose flowing line was that of genius and of grace; it was a face and figure to which the mind gave power, and whose slight and delicate proportions had been effeminate but for the strength which is of the spirit."

This "strength which is of the spirit," however, is of a rather inert description; and the following incident does our hero's personal courage but small credit:—

He happens one morning to take part in the chase of an elk, which is discovered standing on a barren and steep height, "his size thrown out in bold relief by the clear *blue sky* behind." They soon hunt him down into a little dell, where he lies amid the grass; "his horn in forcing a passage through the woods, had borne away their spoil; and a creeping plant, with large green leaves and small *blue flowers*, had wound round them, as if the victim were bound with wreaths for sacrifice. Another moment, and the hunters rushed forward; *five spears* were in its side at once. *Awakened more than injured*, the elk sprang up. One incautious youth was thrown on the ground in a moment, while it made for the thicket where *Edward* was hid. He had meant to have witnessed rather than joined in the attack; but the danger was imminent—his life was on a chance—the shot rang from his pistol—the

next moment he felt the large dark eye of the dying animal fix on his, as it lay in the death agony at his feet, for the bullet had entered its forehead." Of all droll ideas, that of *feeling the large dark eye of a dying elk* fixed upon one's own, is the drollest. It must have been "a touching sight!"

One word more about our friend Edward Lorraine. After returning to England, we are informed that his journey to Norway "may be considered the specimen brick" of his life and character. This we consider to be a splendid, though rather far-fetched image; mortal flesh is, indeed, but clay, and this by the heat of a fervid imagination may be supposed to turn to bricks. Q. E. D.

We can only find room for one more individual specimen; it is one of L. E. L.'s really clever sketches, and the only faults of any consequence we have to find with it, are in the first line, and the last two lines. Emily, after her arrival in London, is sitting alone, looking out of window:—

"The three hours before, of, and after midnight, in a fashionable square, are not very favourable to a reverie, when the ear has only been accustomed to the quiet midnights of the country—where the quiet is rather echoed than broken by the wind wandering among boughs of the elm and beech, and whose every leaf is a note of viewless and mysterious music. But in London, where from door to door 'leaps the live thunder'; the distant roll of wheels, the nearer dash of carriages, the human voices mingling, as if Babel were still building,—these soon awakened Emily's attention; even the fire had less attraction than the window; and below was a scene, whose only fault is, we are so used to it.

"In the middle of the square was the garden, whose sweep of turf was silvered with moonlight; around were the dark shining laurels, and all the pale varieties of colour that flower and shrub wear at such a time, and girdled in by the line of large clear lamps, the spirits of the place. At least every second house was lighted up; and that most visible, the corner one, was illuminated like a palace with the rich stream of radiance that flowed through the crimson blinds; ever and anon a burst of music rose upon the air, and was lost again in a fresh arrival of carriages; then the carriages themselves, with their small bright lights flitting over the shadowy foot passengers—the whole square was left to the care of the gas and the watchman, before Emily remembered that *she had next day to do justice to her country roses*."

What a mysterious way this is of insinuating the simple fact, that if she did not go to bed early it would spoil her complexion for the next day! We will be bound Emily never "recollected that she had to do justice to her country roses," though L. E. L. is so kind as to think of it for her afterwards.

From the above detached specimens, which we have taken almost at random from the first *fifty pages* of Vol. I., the reader may pretty well form his own opinion of the general merits and defects of this production. To expect much more from us upon the subject were absurd, especially when *The Literary Gazette*, after devoting nearly twelve columns to enthusiastic and elaborate laudation, is obliged "to confess its incompetency to render justice to a work, which it does not hesitate to pronounce the most sterling production of the novelist, since Waverley promised the actual world a rare succession of enjoyment in the world of fiction;" while, in like manner, "we do not hesitate to declare" the whole of this review to be "the most striking production of *Puff*," since Mr. Jerdan entered the unreal world of criticism.

And this leads us to the unpleasant necessity of advancing a yet more serious charge against Miss Landon's taste than any we have as yet advanced. Oh! that genius should be reduced to such a grovelling duty—that "the poet's eye," erst "in a fine phrenzy rolling,"

should deign to regard the filthy dross of profit, and sully the pen of Parnassus in the puff-mongry of quacks! Yet so it is. Besides the other more excusable whims and absurdities alluded to above, there are volumes abound in puffs of the very broadest description, on every puffable subject in this most puffing land. First-rate "crack" authors, second-rate "cracked" actors, and third rate cooks—milliners—boot-makers—booksellers, and blacking-manufacturers;—painters—engravers—hair-dressers—publishers—and critics, are all indiscriminately forced upon us. On books and book-manufacturers we are particularly intelligent; the reader—if these pages be read at all—being favoured with some very long dialogues between our *blue* heroine and our *blue-eyed* hero, who are both most indefatigable novel readers, and dilate with great fluency upon the various merits not only of every one of Mr. Colburn's authors, but of each, individually, of their several productions. It is needless to add that the *tout-ensemble* is as flattering as could be desired, though such reminiscences of departed, and almost-forgotten genius, are really to us a melancholy theme. Mr. Lytton Bulwer, for instance, is thus spoken of:—

"Even now, a new spirit, in the shape of a new writer, is rising; and the author of 'Pelham' has again enlarged the boundaries, and poured fresh life into the novel. Many clever works have appeared within the last few years; but none sufficiently vigorous, or sufficiently original to create their own taste, or give their tone to the time; and this is what this author is doing, and will do. 'Pelham' took up a

ground quite untouched. There had been fashionable novels, and of real life, so called; but they wanted either knowledge, or talent to give that knowledge likeness. But the author of 'Pelham' was the first who said—such and such things exist, such and such principles are now acted upon, and out of such will I constitute my hero. Nothing proves the life thrown into the picture so much as the offence it gave; so many respectable individuals took the hero's coxcombry as a personal affront." Again:—" . . . it is like the Roman empire, sweeping all under its dominion. 'Pelham' is the light satire of Horace; 'Paul Clifford' the severer page of Juvenal; 'The Disowned' has the romantic and touching beauty of poetry; while 'Devereux' is rather the product of the philosopher and the metaphysician."

After perusing the above, we are the better able to account for the extacies of eulogium indulged in by this gentleman, in the last number of *The New Monthly Magazine*.

Appended to some observation or other, is the following note:—

"I find this remark previously made in the National Portrait Gallery; and I am glad to observe the opinion confirmed by such authority, as the author of those biographical sketches."

Now, considering that "the author of those biographical sketches" is WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQUIRE, and that the said WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQUIRE, is also the conductor of *The Literary Gazette*, may we not make some little allowance on the score of *gratitude*, for the memorable overflows of the 26th of November?

We now bring our task to a close; and an irksome task it has been. We fear we have been very ungallant, (not, we hope, unkind.) But who is to be blamed for this? It is the extravagant enthusiasm of injudicious friends, alone, that has forced us into the field—we have done our duty there, and with alacrity retreat.

A BOOK OF "CHARACTER."

Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service.

By the Author of "The King's Own."
3 vols. Cochrane and Co.

WE select this novel as an appropriate contrast to the above; it has been all "Romance" as yet, now for the "Reality." Here we have nothing but plain sailing, plain dealing, and plain speaking; no elegant inflections, no studied alliterations, no twistings of tenses and torturings of composition, no sparkling tresses and elegant dis-tresses, no tacking and half-tacking amid the shoals and quick-sands of grammar-rules;—nothing but the straight-forward story of a life, with just so many adventures as the life of an active man may be supposed to meet with. Cap-

tain Marryatt's opening chapter is the very antithesis of L. E. L.'s, and his system, or rather no-system of writing, is described with characteristic honesty:—

"Mine is not a journey of that methodical description; on the contrary, it is a ramble hand-in-hand with Fancy, with a light heart and a lighter baggage; for my whole wallet, when I set off, contains but one single idea—but ideas are hermaphrodite, and these creatures of the brain are most prolific. To speak more intelligibly, I never have made any arrangement of plot when I commenced a work of fiction, and often finish a chapter without having the slightest idea of what materials the ensuing one is to be constructed. At times I feel so tired that I throw down the pen in despair; but it is soon taken up again, and, like a pigmy Antæus, it seems to have imbibed fresh vigour from its prostration."

Captain Marryatt omits to inform us how many times *he* changed the name of his hero, and how often he read the "Admiralty List" and the "Street Directory" in search of "pretty names" for his sailors and tradesfolks. Yet Nicholas Forster makes as good and honest an optician as would Augustus Delorraine, and his son Newton would not be a bit the more agreeable a hero for being christened Adolphus Frederick, or Henry Fitz-Albert.

Though we cannot undertake to follow our hero through his various and multifarious adventures, we will endeavour to do justice to the admirable account we have of his family and connexions, who are most characteristically hit off, without a touch of caricature. In the first place, of Edward Forster, the uncle, and of the father of Edward Forster, the grandfather of Newton:—

"The father of Edward Forster was a clergyman, who, notwithstanding he could reckon up some twenty or thirty first, second, and third cousins, with high-sounding titles, officiated as curate in a district not far from that part of the country where Forster at present was located. He was one of the bees of the church, who are constantly toiling, while the drones are eating up the honey. He preached three sermons, and read three services, at three different stations, every Sunday throughout the year; while he christened, married, and buried a population extending over thousands of square (?) acres, for the scanty stipend of one hundred per annum. Soon after he was in possession of his curacy he married a young woman, who brought him beauty and modesty as her dower, and subsequently pledges of mutual love, *ad lib*. But He that giveth taketh away; and out of nearly a score of these interesting but expensive presents to her husband, only three, all of the masculine gender, arrived at years of maturity." These three are thus disposed of:—

John, or Jock, is sent to London to study law under a relation; he "was a hard-headed fellow, studied with great diligence, and retained what he read, although he did not read fast; but that which he lost in speed, he made up by perseverance, and had now, entirely by his own exertions, risen to considerable eminence in his profession; but he had been severed from his family in early days, and had never been able to return to them. He heard, indeed, of the birth of sundry brothers and sisters; of their deaths; and, lastly, of the demise of his parents—the only communication which affected him; for he loved his father and mother, and was anticipating the period when he might possess the means of rendering them more comfortable. But all this had long passed away. He was now a bachelor past fifty, bearish and uncouth in his appearance, and ungracious in his deportment. Secluded in his chambers, pouring over the dry technicalities of his profession, he had divided the moral world into two parts—honest and dishonest, lawful and unlawful. All other feelings and affections, if he had them, were buried, and had never been raised to the surface. At the time we speak of, he continued his laborious yet lucrative profession, toiling in his harness like a horse in a mill, heaping up riches, knowing not who should gather them; not from avarice, but from long habit, which rendered his profession not only his pleasure, but essential to his very existence."

The next surviving son was yclept Nicholas, the dawning of whose precocious genius is thus amusingly described:—

"Now it did occur that when Nicholas was yet in womanish attire, he showed a great partiality to a burning-glass, with which he continued to do much mischief. He would burn the dog's nose as he slept in the sun before the door. His mother's gown showed proofs of his genius by sundry little round holes, which were considerably increased each time that it returned from the wash. Nay, heretical and damnable as is the fact, his father's surplice was as a moth-eaten garment, from the repeated and insidious attacks of this young philosopher. The burning-glass decided his fate. He was bound apprentice to an optical and mathematical instrument maker; from which situation he was, if possible, to emerge into the highest grade of the profession; but, somehow or another, a want of ambition, or of talent, did not permit him to ascend the scale, and he now kept a shop in the small seaport town of Overton, where he repaired damaged articles of science—a watch one day, a quadrant or a compass another; but his chief employment, and his chief forte, lay in telescopes; and, accordingly, a large board, with 'Nicholas Forster, Optician,' surmounted the small shop window, at which

he was invariably seen at his employment. He was an eccentric person, one of those who had narrowly escaped being clever; but there was an obliquity in his mind which would not admit of lucid order and arrangement. In the small town where he resided, he continued to pick up a decent sustenance; for he had no competitor, and was looked upon as a man of considerable ability." Nicholas was the only married one of the three, and he had chosen his wife, to use his own expression, because he fancied she would "*suit his focus*."

We come now to Edward Forster, the youngest, who, "while yet in the precincts of early" boyhood, "showed strong nautical propensities; he swam nut-shells in a puddle, and sent pieces of lath, with paper sails, floating down the brook which gurgled by the parsonage. This was circumstantial evidence; he was convicted, and ordered off to sea, to return a Nelson." He returns, however, a Nelson only in his wounds, and being disabled and neglected, retired upon half-pay and a cottage bed—to borrow a favourite figure of speech from L. E. L.

We have read that Nicholas Forster married a wife "because she suited his focus;" we will now take a peep at this worthy lady, and quote our author's reflections upon the subject of matrimony:—

"A man may purchase an estate, a tenement, or a horse, because they have pleased his fancy, and eventually find out that he has not exactly suited himself; and it sometimes will occur that a man is placed in a similar situation relative to his choice of a wife,—a more serious evil; as, although the prime cost may be nothing, there is no chance of getting rid of this latter speculation by re-vending, as you may the former. Now it happened that Nicholas Forster, although he considered at the time of his marriage that the person he had selected would *exactly suit his focus*, did eventually discover that he was more short-sighted in his choice than an optician ought to have been.

"Whatever might have been the personal charms of Mrs. Nicholas Forster at the time of their union, she had, at the period of our narrative, but few to boast of, being a thin, sharp-nosed, ferret-eyed little woman, teeming with suspicion, jealousy, and bad humours of every description; her whole employment, (we may say, her whole delight,) was in finding fault; her shrill voice was to be heard from the other side of the street from morning until night. The one servant which their finances enabled them with difficulty to retain, and whom they engaged as maid of all work, (and certainly she was not permitted by Mrs. Forster to be idle in her multifarious duty,) seldom remained above her *month*; and nothing but the prospect of immediate

starvation could induce any one to offer herself in the capacity.

"Mr. Nicholas Forster, fortunately for his own happiness, was of that peculiar temperament that nothing could completely rouse his anger; he was *absent* to an excess; and if any language or behaviour on the part of his wife induced his choler to rise, other ideas would efface the cause from his memory; and this hydra of the human bosom, missing the object of its intended attack, again laid down to rest.

"The violence and vituperation of his spouse were, therefore, lost upon Nicholas Forster; and the impossibility of disturbing the equanimity of his temper increased the irritability of her own. Still Mr. Nicholas Forster, when he did reflect upon the subject, which was but during momentary fits of recollection, could not help acknowledging that he should be much more quiet and happy when it pleased Heaven to summon Mrs. Forster to a better world; and this idea ultimately took possession of his imagination. Her constant turbulence interfered so much with the prosecution of his plans, that finding it impossible to carry them into execution, every thing that he considered of moment was mentally put off until *Mrs. Forster was dead!*

"Well, Mr. Forster, how long is the dinner to wait before you think proper to come? Every thing will be cold as usual. (N. B. The dinner consisted of the remains of a cold shoulder of mutton.) Or do you mean to have any dinner at all! Betty clear away the table; I have my work to do, and won't wait any longer."

"I'm coming, my dear, I'm coming; only this balance spring is a job that I cannot well leave," replied Nicholas, continuing his vocation in the shop, with a magnifying glass attached to his eye."

"Coming! yes, and Christmas is coming, Mr. Forster. Well, the dinner's going, I can tell you."

"Nicholas, who did not want appetite, and who was conscious that if the mutton returned to the cupboard there would be some difficulty made in reproducing it, laid down the watch and came into the back parlour.

"Well, my dear, here I am; sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but business must be attended to. Dear me, why the mutton is really quite cold," continued Nicholas, thrusting a large piece into his mouth, quite forgetting that he had already dined twice off the identical joint. "That's a fine watch of Mr. Tobin's; but I think that my improvement upon the duplex, when I have finished it—"

"When you have finished it, indeed!" retorted the lady; "why, when did you ever finish any thing, Mr. Forster? Finish, indeed!"

"Well, my dear," replied the husband,

with an absent air, "I do mean to finish it when—you are dead."

"When I am dead!" screamed the lady in a rage; "when I am dead!" continued she, placing her arms akimbo, as she started from the chair:—"But we must not enter too deeply into this matrimonial scene; though some of the touches are too rich to be omitted:—

"—but you are incorrigible, Mr. Forster. Look at you, helping yourself out of your snuff-box instead of the salt-cellar. What man in his senses would eat a cold shoulder of mutton with tobacco?"

"Dear me, so I have," replied Forster, removing the snuff taken from the box, which, as usual, lay open before him, not into the box again, but into the salt-cellar.

"And who's to eat the salt now, you nasty beast?"

"I am not a beast, Mrs. Forster," replied the husband, whose choler was roused; "I have made a mistake; I do not perceive—now I recollect it, did you send Betty with the 'day and night glass' to Captain Jenkins?"

Poor good simple Nicholas! the calm deliberate dignity of "*I am not a beast, Mrs. Forster*," and then the complacent turn-off—"now I recollect it;" these are the little points which constitute the very charm of characteristic writing.

Again:—

Mrs. Forster. "Never refuse a job!—no; but you must contrive to make more business."

"I can mend a watch and make a telescope, but I cannot make business, my dear," replied Nicholas.

"Yes you can, and you must, Mr. Forster," continued the lady, sweeping off the remains of the mutton, just as her husband had fixed his eye on the next cut, and locking it up in the cupboard;—"if you do not, you will have nothing to eat, Mr. Forster."

"So it appears, my dear," replied the meek Nicholas, taking a pinch of snuff; "but I really don't—"

"—why do you repair in the way you do? Whoever brings you a watch or a glass that you handled a second time?"

"But why should they, my dear, when I have put them in good order?"

"Put them in order! but why do you put them in order?"

"Why do I put them in order, my dear?" replied Forster, with astonishment.

"Yes; why don't you leave a screw loose, somewhere? Then they must come again. That's the proper way to do business."

"The proper way to do my business, my dear, is to see that all the screws are tight."

"And starve!" continued the lady.

" 'If it please God,' replied the honest Nicholas."

This matrimonial duet is interrupted by the appearance of their son, and our future hero, whom, however, we find it impossible to attend to, further than to say that he had been christened Newton by his father, "out of respect for the great Sir Isaac,"—that he is now "about seventeen years old, athletic and well-proportioned in person, handsome in features, and equally gifted in mind. There was a frankness and sincerity in his open brow, an honesty in his smile, which immediately won upon the beholder." Such a youth is the very person to make his way in the world pleasantly and with credit, and his future adventures in the merchant's, and other naval services, are related in a natural and easy flow of circumstance and style, worthy of such a hero.

Other characters are now speedily introduced, each more or less natural, and with more or less merit accordingly;—Mr. Dragwell, the parish curate, "a little fat man, with bow-legs, who always sat upon the edge of the chair, leaning against the back, and twiddling his thumbs before him," is amusing, though "his greatest peculiarity," that of laughing at a joke half a minute after it was uttered and forgotten, and perhaps another more serious matter in debate, is not original, having been introduced upon the stage no longer ago than last season, in Mr. Peake's *Chancery Suit*.

The next personage, Mr. Hilton, "a tall, corpulent man," who, by "doing a little contraband," had pocketed a sufficient sum to enable him to purchase a sloop, is a capital sketch of what may be seen at every little hut door, of every little fishing village on the coast:—

"He was a good-tempered, jolly fellow, very fond of his pipe and his pot, and much more fond of his sloop, by the employment of which he was supplied with all his comforts. He passed most of the day sitting at the door of his house, which looked upon the anchorage, exchanging a few words with every one that passed by, but invariably upon one and the same topic—his sloop. If she was at anchor—'There she is,' he would say, pointing to her with the stem of his pipe. If she was away, she had sailed on such a day,—he expected her back at such a time. It was a fair wind—it was a foul wind for his sloop. All his ideas were engrossed by this one darling object, and it was no easy task to divert him from it."—This jewel of a fellow, with "the stem of his pipe" duly poised, would make a subject for a Wilkie.

But we must turn from this to the less pleasing picture of Mrs. Forster, whose enormities soon brought herself into a mad-house, and her disconsolate spouse to great trouble. Having in an unlucky hour

broken the head of Mr. Spinner, the parish clerk, with an empty pewter-pot, and herself fallen down in the scuffle, to the great damage of her countenance, it is foolishly determined to pass a trick upon her, whereby to frighten her into better behaviour, for a time to come; and, accordingly, being informed that Spinner is dead of his wounds, and a coroner's inquest about to sit upon him, she is no little alarmed at the idea of being convicted of wilful murder and thereupon hanged by the neck till dead, and readily grasps at the proposal of wicked little Miss Dragwell to assume an appearance of insanity, decking herself in ribands and other rubbish, and causing herself thereby to be removed to a neighbouring lunatic asylum as a place of safety. Here, by accident, she is treated as a *bonâ fide* mad woman, which in real earnest brings on a brain fever, whereby being reduced to death's door, what happens to her afterwards we will not stop to inquire. The effect of this tragical interlude upon poor Nicholas is ludicrously true to nature:—

"— Newton returned to Overton, where he remained at home, shut up with his father. In a few days, notice was given by the town-crier, that the remaining stock of Mr. Nicholas Forster, optician, was to be disposed of by public auction. The fact was, that Nicholas Forster, like many other husbands, although his wife had been a source of constant annoyance, had become so habituated to her, that he was miserable now that she was gone. Habit is more powerful than even love; and many a married couple continue to live comfortably together long after love has departed, from this most binding of all human sensations. Nicholas determined to quit Overton; and Newton, who perceived that his father's happiness was at stake, immediately acquiesced in his wish. When Nicholas Forster resolved to leave town, where he had so long resided, he had no settled plans for the future; the present idea, to remove from the scene connected with such painful associations, was all which occupied his thoughts. Newton, who presumed that his father had some arranged plan, did not attempt to awaken him from his profound melancholy, to inquire into his intentions; and Nicholas had never given the subject one moment of his thought. When all was ready, Newton inquired of his father, in what manner he intended they should travel?—'Why, outside the coach will be the cheapest, Newton; and we have no money to spare. You had better take our places to-night.'

" 'To what place, father?' inquired Newton.

" 'I'm sure I don't know, Newton,' replied Nicholas, as if just awoke.

" This answer produced a consultation;

and after many *pros* and *cons*, it was resolved that Nicholas should proceed to Liverpool, and settle in that town."

Poor Nicholas Forster,—worthy man,—short-sighted optician!—At Liverpool he settled down in settled melancholy,—his son buffetting at sea, his wife he knows not where, and he without a friend to console him, or torment him, without money, without stock, without "a job" to try his ingenuity upon, or feed his fleshly appetites. Let us drop the veil over a picture of honest misery, which, from the every-day nature of its little details, must come home to every bosom.

Captain Marryatt's descriptions of character and every-day life are truly delightful;—we like him best, however, when he lets things run on their own ways, without seeking for adventures to render them still more laughable,—here, sometimes, by over-reaching himself, he fails.

Our author is a sailor himself, and the most agreeable writer about his profession we know of;—he gives them as much bluff honesty and piping-hot simplicity as any one need desire, and yet he can treat of them as parts of humanity, and something else than mere receptacles for oaths, grog, and rope's-end. Nay, he *libels* the craft so far as to represent a captain who forbids swearing, and encourages morning prayers, not only free from ridicule, but highly respected by his crew.

"Honesty is the best policy"

is the motto on the title-page, and this motto is agreeably borne out, and borne in mind to the end of the story.

CRUIKSHANK'S PUNCH.

Punch and Judy; with Illustrations designed and engraved by George Cruikshank; accompanied by the Dialogue of the Puppet-Show, an Account of its Origin, and of Puppet-Plays in England. Third Edition. W. H. Reid.

It is well known that "women and wine are not to be dated;" and it seems that Mr. Punch, the hero of our present notice, is nearly in the same uncertain predicament, the period of his first coming into existence being differently stated by different authors; Riccoboni fixing it before the year 1600, and Gimma and Signorelli after the commencement of the seventeenth century. Whatever doubt, however, there may exist as to his first introduction into the world, we think we may venture to predict that, like the ladies and the wine afore-mentioned, he will ever continue to be a favorite as long as men and children are what they are.

But it is not our intention to inquire into this curious point of antiquarian research, which, like Mr. Punch's body corporate, is rather hard and dry; for, lo! the trumpet sounds—the "war," or "wha—wha,"

"cry" is raised—the tent is *pitched*—the passengers' steps *re-tard*—the curtain draws, and Mr. Punch addresses us in tones of dulcet harmony. What he talks about, however, it would be superfluous in us to repeat; his "sayings" and "doings" must be familiar to all; and those who wish to correct their memories may refer to the above little book, where every thing, including stage-directions, and expressions, and *effects*, is carefully noted down.

From the introductory matter, which is curious and well-written, we extract the author's notions of

"*The Moral of Punch's Performances.*—Poetical justice is a matter upon which the most sagacious critics have insisted; and it cannot be denied that, in the ordinary exhibitions which go by the name of 'Punch and Judy,' it is decidedly violated. One great object, as they contend, of dramatic poetry ought to be to enforce a moral; and, if we try the species of scenic representation now under our view by that test, we shall find it unquestionably deficient. It is, nevertheless, a point capable of dispute whether people were ever made better or worse by theatrical performances: for instance, whether a single apprentice was ever deterred or reclaimed from vice by all the sombre repetitions of George Barnwell, at Easter and Christmas. The old lawyer who used to send his clerks to witness every execution, with the admonition, 'There, you rogues, go to school and improve!'^{*} took a course which, from the reality of the sight, was likely to be beneficial; but every body is aware that what is shown at the theatres is nothing but an attempt to impose, and the audience rather sets itself against the endeavour than is impressed and corrected by the moral.—What, in the cant of the profession, is called 'illusion,' we are satisfied never exists; and the actors are no more believed to be the characters they represent, than the painted trees and castles of the scenery are supposed to consist of rustling foliage and substantial stone. Dr. Johnson says somewhere, that the actor who for a moment could believe that he was *Macbeth*, and really perpetrated the murders, would deserve to be hanged; and, we may add, that the audience would deserve it too, as accessories, for not interfering on behalf of poor Duncan, if they were persuaded that his life was in danger. We admire a landscape for its truth, as a copy from nature, not because we ever imagine that it is the actual view itself, compressed into the compass of some three feet of gilded frame;—what we see on the stage is but a succession of views with moving figures, and we like them little or much in proportion as they approach our notions of reality; but always keeping the imitation per-

fectly distinct from the thing imitated, and approving the former only because it is an imitation.

"'Live o'er each scene, and be what we behold,'

is a very good line from Pope; but if there be any 'Roman virtue' in the British character, it does owe it to 'Cato'; and it is remarkable, that it never was less apparent than at the time when that tragedy was oftenest represented: the littleness of party spirit was never more despicable, or more despicably displayed, than when 'Cato' was first produced upon the stage.

"As for the puppet-show of 'Punch and Judy,' it never is looked at, by the lowest of the populace, but as a mere joke, and a most effective part of that joke is the ultimate triumph of the hero;—without it, the representation would be not only 'flat and stale,' but 'unprofitable.' We have seen it so; for we remember a showman, on one occasion, not merely receiving little or no money, but getting lamentably pelted with mud, because, from some scruple or other, he refused to allow the victory over the Devil to Punch. Besides, it may surely deserve consideration whether, wicked as Punch unquestionably is, the Devil is not the worse offender of the two, and, consequently, the more deserving of punishment. If so, poetical justice is satisfied."

The following orthodox theatrical criticism on Punch's performances was published in *The Morning Chronicle* of September 22, 1813:—

"'Mr. Punch, a gentleman of great personal attraction, is married to Mrs. Judy, by whom he has a lovely daughter, but to whom no name is given in this piece, the infant being too young to be christened. In a fit of horrid and demoniac jealousy, Mr. Punch, like a second Zeluco, strangles his beauteous offspring. Just as he has completed his dreadful purpose, Mrs. Judy enters, witnesses the brutal havoc, and *exit* screaming; she soon returns, however, armed with a bludgeon, and applies it to her husband's head, 'which to the wood returns a wooden sound.' Exasperated by jealousy and rage, Mr. Punch at length seizes another bludgeon, soon vanquishes his already weakened foe, and lays her prostrate at his feet; then, seizing the murdered infant and the expiring mother, he flings them both out of the window into the street. The dead bodies having been found, police-officers enter the dwelling of Mr. Punch, who flies for his life, mounts his steed, and the author, neglecting, like other great poets, the confining unities of time and place, conveys his hero into Spain, where, however, he is arrested by an officer of the terrible Inquisition. After enduring the most cruel tortures with incredible fortitude, Mr. Punch, by means

of a golden key, (a beautiful and novel allegory,) opens his prison door and escapes. The conclusion of the affecting story is satirical, allegorical, and poetical. The hero is first overtaken by weariness and laziness, in the shape of a black dog, whom he fights and conquers;—disease, in the disguise of a physician, next arrests him; but Punch "sees through the thin pretence," and dismisses the doctor with a few derogatory kicks. Death at length visits the fugitive, but Punch lays about his skeleton carcass so lustily, and makes the bones of his antagonist rattle so musically with a *bastinado*, that "Death his death's blow then received." Last of all comes the Devil; first under the appearance of a lovely female, but afterwards in his own natural shape, to drag the offender to the infernal regions, in purgatory to expiate his dreadful crimes. Even this attempt fails, and Punch is left triumphant over Doctors, Death, and the Devil. The curtain falls amid the shouts of the conqueror, who, on his victorious staff, lifts on high his vanquished foe."

We must conclude with an account of the interpolations which have from time to time been smuggled into this standard old tragic-comedy.

"At various periods, the adventures of Punch have been differently represented and misrepresented, and innovations have been introduced to suit the taste and to meet the events of the day. One attempt of this sort was made in Fielding's time, in consequence of the extreme popularity of 'The Provoked Husband.' He complains ('Tom Jones,' book xii. chap. 5,) that a puppet-show, witnessed by his hero, included 'the fine and serious part' of the comedy we have named. He then proceeds, from the mouth of Jones, to show its inferiority to the old exhibition of Punch and his wife, (whom he miscalls *Joan*, by some strange forgetfulness, although her name has been *Judy*, as the lawyers say, 'from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,') which gives some offence to 'the dancer of wires,' who fancied, as he might do very reasonably, that 'people rose from his little drama as much improved as they could do from the great.'

"Of later years, we have witnessed several singular interpolations. After the battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson figured on one of the street-stages, and held a dialogue with Punch, in which he endeavoured to persuade him, as a brave fellow, to go on board his ship, and assist in fighting the French. 'Come, Punch, my boy, (said the naval hero,) I'll make you a captain or a commodore, if you like it.'—'But I don't like it, (replied the puppet-show hero,) I shall be drowned.'—'Never fear that, (answered Nelson;) he that is born to be hanged, you know, is sure not to be

^{*} "Tom Brown's Works, vol. iv. 116."

drowned.' During one of the elections for Westminster, Sir F. Burdett received equal honour, and was represented kissing Judy and the child, and soliciting Mr. Punch for his vote. 'How are you, Mr. Punch? (inquired the baronet.) I hope you will give me your support.'—'I don't know, (answered Punch;) ask my wife—I leave all those things to Mrs. P.'—'That is very right, (continued Sir Francis;) what do you say, Mrs. Judy? Bless me! what a sweet little child you have got!—I wish mine were like it.'—'And so they may be, Sir Francis, (observed Judy,) for you are very like my husband—you have got such a beautiful long nose.'—'True, Mrs. Judy; but Lady B. is not like you, (added Sir Francis, kissing her.) A sweet little infant, indeed! I hope it has good health. How are its little bowels?'—'Charmingly, thank you,' was the answer; and Judy could not refuse the solicitations of so gallant and kind-hearted a candidate.

"At a country fair we once saw a donkey-race represented by puppets with a great deal of spirit; and we need hardly add, that Mr. Punch* (though not always the most expert horseman) rode the winner, but was cheated out of the prize. It is not uncommon now, among the showmen in *eyre*, to insert a scene of a street-row. For this purpose they introduce a watch-box with a *Charley* in it, fast asleep. Punch enters tipsey, overturns the 'guardian of the night,' and, finally, is taken to the watch-house. This incident is of 'Tom and Jerry' origin, and was not used until those heroes figured in the pages of *Life in London*. Within the last twenty years, at various times, we have observed characters inserted from popular performances at our theatres;—some of our readers may recollect a conference between Blue Beard and Punch, on the mutually interesting topic of a plurality of wives; and Morgiana from *The Forty Thieves*, and Grimaldi from *Mother Goose*, have danced together before us. While this work has been in a course of preparation, we had the satisfaction of being present at an interview between Punch and a person no less distinguished than Paul Pry; in which the latter received severe chastisement for 'intruding,' while the former was enjoying the delightful converse of one of his female acquaintances."

We have suffered our present article to grow into a considerable extent, leaving but little space to do justice to Mr. Cruikshank's admirable illustrations. They are twenty-four in number, including a portrait nearly "as large as life," as the frontispiece; and exhibit our hero in all the principal scenes of his eventful career with

* "See Act ii. Sc. 2, of the 'Tragical Comedy of Punch and Judy,' where the hero is thrown by his horse, Hector."

astonishing fidelity and spirit. Indeed, we think they almost surpass the originals, in that they appear to "live, and move, and have a being."

CHRISTMAS COMICALITIES.

The Comic Annual for 1832. By Thomas Hood. Tilt.

MR. HOOD, though a punster, is a prudent man, and truly he shall have his reward. The mighty host of *Annuals* for 1832 are almost ranked with the departed, their gilding dull, their good things exhausted; and, here comes "The Comic," phoenix-like, rising from their ashes, and laughing in his sleeve, as he finds a ready welcome at every hand. We cannot pretend to analyze this little budget of mirth;—all we can do is to give a few random extracts.

The first item we meet with is "the Pugsley Papers;" a capital satire upon the various "Papers," *par excellence* so called, which have appeared from time to time. The Pugsleys, of Barbican, have come into "an estate," in Lincolnshire; and their letters are highly entertaining.

We can only find room for one:—

"From Master Richard Pugsley to Master Robert Rogers, at Number 132, Barbican.

"DEAR BOB,—Huzza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, ladies' double channels, gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto.—They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, good-will and fixtures, for ever and ever! Father has been made a rich squire of by will; and we've got a house, and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—it beats White Conduit.

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want: I want you to come down here for the holidays—don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come—it's only ninety mile.—If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much—it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep; he's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

"There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the pad-

dock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

"If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him, without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bob—and some fish-hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box—and some flints—some Mayflies—and a powder-horn—and a landing-net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills and a bullet-mould—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt, and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.

"Your old friend and schoolfellow,

"RICHARD PUGSLEY."

The three-fold thunder of the following rhymes is tremendously effective:—

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

"Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time

To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

"Anon Night comes, and with her wings
brings things

Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young
sung;

The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

"Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash,
crash,

Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep;
But frighten'd by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'

Now puss, while folks are in their beds,
treads leads,

And sleepers waking, grumble—'drat that cat!'

Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls,
mauls

Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and, with a roar, gore poor

Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;—
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,

Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,

And that she hears—what faith is man's!—
Ann's bans

And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;

White ribands flourish, and a stout shout out,

That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!"

As a specimen of Mr. Hood's most serious poetry we select

JOHN DAY; A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A day after the fair."—*Old Proverb.*

"John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

"The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a-year.

"Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

"The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

"He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like her's.

"One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

"Said she, 'My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.'

"But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

"In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

"He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth—
So his went up and down.

"At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"Oh, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;

Though I have never had a wife
I've lost my better half.'

"Alas! in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

"Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

"Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

"The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close;
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

"Some say his spirit haunts the Crown—
But that is only talk;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk."

Our present extracts must conclude with a capital portrait:—

"A Horse-dealer is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up no trust. Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay, chestnut-brown, cream, and roan—pyebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; 'for,' as he sayeth, 'blindness or lameness be misfortunes.' A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, 'fit to go to any hounds;' or, as may be, 'would suit a timid gentleman.' Stringhalt he calleth 'grand action,' and kicking 'lifting the feet well up.' If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her 'out of comedy;' and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be 'temperate,' and if dead lame, declareth them 'good in all their paces,' seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth 'sound;' and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to

Eclipse, for he out-strippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeple-chase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with 'perfect leg.' If a nag cougheth, 'tis 'a clever hack.' If his knees be fractured, he is 'well broke for gig or saddle.' If he reareth, he is 'above sixteen hands high.' If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him 'off the Greta Road, and has been used to carry a lady.' If a cob stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth 'the proprietor parteth from him to go abroad.' Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love-token, saying only, before standers-by, 'Poor fellow—he knoweth me!' and is content rather to pass as a bad rider, than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chanteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the common lot."

The illustrations to this amusing volume are as droll as any we have yet seen from this great master's hand; it really seems that the more he give us, the richer he becomes!

A FEW MORE NOVELS.

WE can but briefly do justice to the following just published works, which claim our attention:—

1. *Cameron* (3 vols. Bull) is a cleverly-written novel, though not very striking for originality or effect. It is, however, a pleasant reading book, and, notwithstanding the grumblings of a brother critic, who was pleased to class it with the effusions of the far-famed Minerva Press, does great credit to the author's talents. We had marked out two or three clever little characteristic sketches for insertion, but as we are now situated—*c'est un affaire impossible!*

2. *The Usurer's Daughter* (3 vols. Simpkin and Marshall) is a tale of unusual merit and effect. The scene opens in London at the time of Lord George Gordon's "No Popery Riots," and we are speedily introduced to Erpingham, the usurer, an admirably drawn character, and his daughter Margaret, who displays great and de-

terminated presence of mind in the defence of her father's house against the rioters. The very first page of this book stamps the author, who is "a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*," a writer and thinker of no mean powers.

3. *The Pirate of Bofine* (3 vols. Newman and Co.) is styled "an Historical Romance," and the introduction informs us that it is composed of the translation of a mysterious Spanish manuscript, found by accident in a mysterious vault, in the little island of Enis Bofine, on the north-west coast of Ireland. It is of the usual soul-stirring quality, and its "historical" character is supported by the addition of some thirty or forty illustrative notes from Irish and Spanish records, &c. On the whole, we think it a work well worthy of perusal.

The Town and Country Brewery-Book; or, Every Man his own Brewer and Cellarman, Maltster and Hop-Merchant, &c. &c. By W. Brande, Maltster and Brewer. Dean and Munday.

"The Tale of a Tub!"

WE are no brewers, nor cellar-men, nor maltsters; but we believe that if ever we found occasion to turn our thoughts that way, we should take the little volume before us for our guide. It appears to contain all that is useful and necessary on the subject, in a clear and popular style.

On Indigestion and Costiveness, &c. By Edward Jukes, Inventor of the Stomach-Pump. Second Edition. Effingham Wilson.

HERE we have a clear and well-digested treatise on indigestion, and all its concomitant evils. The human body is literally "turned inside out," and the navigation of the alimentary canal familiarized "to the meanest capacities." If all the rules and prescriptions it contains be correct, this must be an invaluable little book.

Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey, Esq., L. L. D., &c.; chiefly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons. Moxon.

THESE selections being judiciously made, and printed in a condensed and substantial manner, supply a volume of infinite entertainment both to old and young. A few more such books of picked poetry, liberally distributed among the rising generation, would effectually forestall their craving for the vapid frippery which now annually surfeits their palates to very nausea, and do more for the cultivation and improvement of their taste, than all the lectures on elocution and composition at all the preparatory schools in Christendom.

Lays for the Lords. Effingham Wilson. A SMARTLY written pamphlet of fifty-three octavo pages—political, of course, and therefore scarcely within the limits of our work. The author is evidently a vehement partizan, and displays his reading by a host of foot-notes, with a variety of Latin, Greek, and English quotations.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

RECIPE FOR A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

IMPRIMIS choose a heroine,
For you can't do without her,
And let her be of Tom Moore's sort,
With her virtue "loose about her."
Then wed her to some plain good man,
Whom you may call—Lord Lovell,
And there you have the chapter first
Of your Fashionable Novel.

In chapter two, bring on the scene,
To cast his eyes upon her,
Some dandy with black curling hair,
A thorough man of honour—
Whose spirit is to high for him,
In low amours to grovel,
And you've a proper hero, for
Your Fashionable Novel.

The next thing is to introduce
The lions of the day,
By names which are almost their own;
And while their parts they play,
Let your heroine and hero meet,
At her old nurse's hovel;
And this must be the striking scene
Of your Fashionable Novel.

Now comes the knock up of the plot,
And this be sure to call,
Eclaircissement, and o'er your page
Some maudlin morals scrawl—
Send your hero to the continent,
And let the sexton's shovel,
Put an end both to your heroine,
And your Fashionable Novel.

Then choose a publisher of ton,
Who'll fill the public prints
With all sorts of advertisements
And pretty little hints,
Of who the "noble author" is,—
Who is meant by Lady Lovell,—
And the rage of the next month will be—
Your Fashionable Novel.

M. N. S.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDA.

(From *Tymms's Family Topographer*.)

Cowley's House at Chertsey.—At Porch House, the seat of the late respected Mr. Clark, Chamberlain of London, formerly resided the poet Cowley, who died here in 1666. Mr. Clark placed this inscription against the house: "The porch of this house, which projected 10 feet into the highway, was taken down in the year 1786 for the safety and accommodation of the public. Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue."

The Witches' Cauldron.—In the vestry of Frensham Church, Surrey, hangs a huge cauldron, hammered out of a single piece of copper, supposed by Salmon to be a remnant of the antient parochial hospitality at the wedding of poor maids. Aubrey supposes it to have been used for the church ales. Tradition reports it to have been brought from Borough Hill, about a mile hence; if any one went to borrow any thing, he might have it for a year or longer, provided he kept his word as to the return. On this hill lies a great stone, about six feet long: the party went to this stone, knocked at it, declared what was desired, and when they would return it; and a voice answered appointing a time when they would find the article wanted. This kettle, with the trivet, it is said, was so borrowed, but not returned at the time fixed; and though afterwards carried, it would not be received, and all subsequent applications have been fruitless. Another tradition ascribes the place whence it was borrowed to have been the neighbouring cave called Mother Ludlow's Hole.

Lands held by the Tenure of Castle Guard.—Much land in Kent, and other counties, is held of Rochester Castle by the tenure of perfect castle guard. On St. Andrew's day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of the rents, and every tenant neglecting then to discharge his proper rent, is liable to have it doubled every time the tide passes the adjacent bridge during the time it remains unpaid.

Relics of Charles the First.—In Ashburnham Church, Sussex, are preserved the shirt, stained with some drops of blood, in which Charles I. suffered; his watch, which he gave at the place of execution to Mr. John Ashburnham; his white silk knit drawers; and the sheet which was thrown over his body. These relics were left, in 1743, by Bertram Ashburnham, Esq. to the clerk of the parish and his successors for ever.

The Devil's Dyke.—Near Poynings, in Sussex, is that remarkable chasm the "Devil's Dyke," so called, says tradition, because the Devil, envying the numerous churches of the Weald, determined to form a channel from the sea, and thus inundate the whole tract and its pious inhabitants. This "devilish" plan was disconcerted by an old woman, who, being disturbed from her sleep by the noise of the work, peeped out of her window, and, recognising the infernal agent, had the "presence of mind" to hold up a candle, which he mistaking for the rising sun, made a hasty retreat!

The Founder of Christianity and his Followers.—The shrine in which were deposited the bones of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury Cathedral, was of gold, ornamented with the most valuable jewels. In one year, whilst the offerings at the altar of Christ were £0. 0s. 0d.; at the altar

of the Virgin, only £4. 1s. 8d.; those at the shrine of this saint were £954. 6s. 3d.! In the south transept of Chichester Cathedral is the tomb of St. Richard, bishop of this see, who is reported to have fed *three thousand* people with the bread intended for *ninety* only!

Prolific Family.—At Lenham is a remarkable inscription, stating that Robert Thompson, Esq. was grand child to Mary Honywood, wife of Robert Honywood, of Charing, who had at her decease 367 children lawfully descended from her: sixteen of her own body, 114 grand-children, 228 of the third generation, and nine in the fourth. She lies buried in this church, but her monument is at Marks Hall, Essex.

Singular Custom at Rochford in Essex.—The manor of Combes, in Rochford, is remarkable for the singular custom of a court, called *The Lawless Court*, which is held the Wednesday morning after Michaelmas Day, upon the first cock crowing, without any other light than the heavens. The steward of the court calls all such as are bound to appear, with a voice as loud as possible. No previous notice is given of the holding of the court, and all who do not appear forfeit their lands to the lord.

Henry VIII. and the Scene of his Amours.—At Blackmore, in Essex, at a spot called Jericho, near the church, was a priory, afterwards converted by Henry VIII. into a house for occasional retirement; so that when he was passing his time here with any of his female favourites, it became a cant saying among his courtiers that he was gone to Jericho.

Sir William Temple and Dean Swift.—Moor Park, in Farnham, was one of the seats of Sir William Temple, who here breathed his last; and so attached was he to this retirement, that he directed his heart to be buried in a silver box, under the sundial in the garden, opposite to the window from which he used to contemplate the natural beauties of the place.—Here, also, Swift first contracted his intimacy with his beloved Stella. The Dean's favourite study was in the cave called Mother Ludlow's Hole.

KOSCIUSZKO.

A WRITER, in the last number of *The United Service Journal*, who states that he lived nearly four years in the family of a Polish nobleman of high distinction, where he was enabled to acquire much information in regard to the hero Kosciuszko, gives the following interesting account of the posthumous honours paid to his remains:—

"Kosciuszko was not one of those with whom patriotism was but a stepping-ladder for self-aggrandizement; to speak of him, indeed, is to speak of one who commanded the esteem even of princes against whom

his sword was raised; his name belongs to the whole civilized world, and his virtues are a bequest to all mankind.

"Towards the close of life, unable to endure the spectacle of degradation which his conquered country exhibited, and baffled in the generous expectations which its artful conqueror had at one time bade him cherish, Kosciuszko after emancipating the serfs on his estates in Poland, retired to Soleure, where the amiable society of long-cherished friends cheered and softened the last hours of a life devoted to great and virtuous deeds. Though absent from the land of his birth, the enthusiastic attachment of his fellow-countrymen defied the chilling influence of separation; and there was not a college or a corporation among them which did not continue to celebrate his natal day with banquets or other festivities. The tidings of his decease* spread sorrow and desolation over the whole face of Poland, and the senate of the republic of Cracow immediately issued circulars to the public authorities, fixing the fourteenth of the November following as the day of national mourning, on which the last honours were to be rendered to his memory. Warsaw and Cracow took the lead in displaying their grateful feeling on this solemn occasion; but Poland felt she had yet another sacred duty to perform; her hero's remains were mouldering under a stranger sky; she called upon the Emperor Alexander to obtain their removal from Soleure; with his sanction the young Prince Jablonowski was deputed on this noble mission, and the body, attended by the father and son, in whose society Kosciuszko had calmly spent the remnant of his virtuous days, was borne to the church of St. Florian, without the walls of Cracow, whither it had been accompanied for the last three miles by the great officers of state.

"The solemn procession, which conveyed it thence on the ensuing morning, was finely characteristic of the occasion. Warriors of distinguished rank, who were grey in their country's service, bore the sacred relics on their shoulders: next followed Kosciuszko's sable charger, caparisoned in black; two maidens, with wreaths of oak leaves and branches of cypress in their hands, walked by his side; then came the general staff, the senate, burgesses, clergy, and populace. When this array reached the Wavel, a hill once honoured by the residence of the magnificent Jagellon and other Polish monarchs, a funeral oration was delivered by Count Wodziki; he had scarcely closed his lips, when a

* "This took place on the 15th of October, 1817. And he passed so gently out of this scene of pain and trial, that it has been justly said of such a death by an eminent writer, 'The grave is the light-shedding footstep of an angel, which descends to seek and bear us away to a better world.'"

Masovian peasant came forward, and addressing Gen. Grabowski, one of Kosciuszko's companions in arms, related the following occurrence in a tone of deep emotion. 'At the battle of Raclawice, when fighting by the side of three of my brothers, there were two guns which committed indescribable havoc on a column of Poles, and repeatedly drove them back. On a sudden I saw two Cracovian countrymen, fired by the example of their leader, rush upon the cannon and cover the mouths with their bodies. No war-cry could have kindled such a glow amongst us as their heroic devotion: we flew to the rescue of our gallant comrades, and the enemy's artillery was instantly in our possession: we turned it upon him, and he took to flight.'*

"The procession now moved towards the cathedral, in the centre of which a splendid catafalk had been erected, and beneath this shrine the coffin was deposited. Its only adornments were Sobieski's sword and a branch of laurel. Paintings, executed by Stakowicz, were disposed around the sarcophagus; one represented Washington investing the hero with the order of Cincinnatus; another depicted the citizens of Cracow swearing fidelity to him; in a third, he was portrayed as calmly contemplating a tempestuous ocean; and a fourth recalled the fatal conflict of Maciowice, where, covered with wounds, and falling from his horse, he was heard to exclaim, '*Finis Polonia!*'† Woronicz, the bishop, discharged the last offices over the body, and Lancouski, a prelate in high estimation for his poetical talents, addressed the assembly with a brief but heart-rending eloquence, which brought tears into every eye. During the ceremony, the young Countesses Angelica and Caroline Wodzicka made a collection at the door for behoof of the House of Refuge at Cracow; thus calling in Charity herself to render homage to the departed great.

"The ceremony was terminated by depositing his remains in the same vault which incloses our ancient kings. Its majestic arches extend under the whole floor of the cathedral; but to the right, opposite to the principal entrance gate, is a subterraneous chapel, built by Stanislaus Augustus, in the year 1788, where he had fondly hoped to find his last resting-place. It is divided into several compartments by pillars of the Ionic order; and at present contains three sarcophagi; those of John

* "The narrator should have added, that the two heroes escaped with their lives, and that Kosciuszko presented them with officers' commissions on the field of battle."

† "This fact is historically correct. The battle was gained by the Russians on the 10th October, 1794, and Kosciuszko's captivity sealed the downfall of Polish independence. He never again trod his native soil."

Sobieski, Joseph Poniatowski, and Thadæus Kosciuszko. In life, these three patriots sought their country's weal by devious paths; in death, they still are severed, and slumber in three distinct mausolea. That of Kosciuszko bears no other symbol than his immortal name.

"But his country has paid a yet more imperishable tribute to her favourite son. The senate of Cracow decreed, that a lofty mound should be raised on the heights of Bronislawa, (i. e. 'the Champion of Fame,' an appellation which it has borne from the remotest times,) and this monument owes its existence to the willing zeal of every class and age; the magistrate and citizen, nobleman and peasant, young and old, rich and poor, have been its artificers. For three whole years (from the 16th October, 1820, to the 16th of the same month in 1823,) did they toil with unabating ardour until the hill of Kosciuszko (the *Mogila Kosciuszki*) was reared three hundred feet above its base, and outshone the two adjoining monuments of St. Kracus and Queen Wanda. A serpentine footpath leads the visitor to its summit, from which he has a fine prospect of the beautiful banks of the Vistula and the ancient city of the Polish kings. The surplus of the subscriptions, which in every quarter betokened the fervour of national gratitude, has been employed in erecting dwellings for four peasants, who fought under Kosciuszko's standard, and devote their labours to the preservation of a memorial worthy of the leader whom they were called to obey and learned to adore."

Byron Correspondence.

(ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED.)

BYRON at heart was a kind man. The asperities and contempt he affected in the world were assumed at pleasure, to screen him from impertinent curiosity; and were no more indications of his real character than a mask is of the mime it conceals. Generosity, and that too in a noble extent of the feeling, was always his peculiar attribute.

Passionate and sensitive in a high degree, he occasionally sallied forth into even outrageous wrath at the injuries and slanderous aspersions cast upon him by every hireling of abuse; but, to his friends, (and he had noble, true, and affectionate friends,) he was all that was amiable and kind.

He has been described as an outlaw amongst men, because he shunned society; but, although a stricken deer loves silence and retirement, he was, nevertheless, followed into his gloom by the minds that could *herd* with him, and sympathise with the undeserved wounds inflicted by this wretched world; and who thought, with the feelings of humanity consecrated to

genius, that no task could be more grateful than to seek the alleviation of its real or imaginary wrongs, convinced as they were that malevolence and calumny always delight in attacking the great and the good.

The feeling of public contempt for private opinion, (beyond the immediate circle of his private friends,) ought not to constitute a man a monster! And yet we have heard such assertions made with reference to Byron; and attempts also to deduce therefrom that he was literally a "monstrum horrendum;" and, *literally*, to say the truth, he *was* a "monstrum horrendum," for he more than once proved he could cope with any of the mightiest spirits of the day, and *quoad minores*;—like Coriolanus, he could flutter them "like an eagle in a dove-cote."

"Nothing of the dead except good" was the old kind proverb of our forefathers; in our days, heartless sticklers for abstraction and proof change it to, "Nothing of the dead except truth." So say we on the present occasion, however unjust the maxim be in general. We subjoin a letter of the late noble poet, Byron, and ask the candid reader if it abound not with generosity of feeling to others, whom he supposed he had injured, and for whose assistance and exculpation he proposes personal intervention, like a man and a friend:—

LETTER III.

Addressed

"To J. Hunt, Esq."

"Genoa, Mch. 10th, 1823.

"SIR,—I do not know what Mr. Kinnaid intended by desiring the stoppage of '*The Liberal*,' which is no more in his power than in mine. The utmost that Mr. K. (who must have misunderstood me,) should have done, was to state, what I mentioned to yr. brother, that my assistance, neither appearing essential to the publication nor advantageous to you or your brother, and at the same time exciting great disapprobation amongst my friends and connections in England, I craved permission to withdraw. What is stranger is, that Mr. Kd. *could* not have received my letter to this effect till long after the date of yr letter to yr brother this day received. The Pulci is at your service for the third number, if you think it worth the insertion. With regard to other publications I know not what to think or to say; for the work, even by yr own account, is unsuccessful, and I am not at all sure that this failure does not spring much more from *me* than any other connection of the work. I am at this moment the most unpopular man in England, and if a whistle would call me to the pinnacle of English fame, I would not utter it. All this, however, is no reason why I should involve others in similar odium, and I have some reason to believe that '*The Liberal*' would have more success without my interven-

tion. However this may be, I am willing to do any thing I can for yr brother or any member of his family, and have the honour to be

"Yr very obedt. humble st.

"N. B.

"P. S. I have to add that no secession will take place on my part from '*The Liberal*' without serious consideration with your brother. The poems which I have desired to be published separately, required this for obvious reasons of the subject, &c., and also that their publication should be immediate."

GIPSIES.

Curious Account of the Gipsies.—"Their first appearance in Europe took place in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when various bands of this singular people appeared in the different countries of Europe. They claimed an Egyptian descent, and their features attested that they were of eastern origin. The account given by these singular people was, that it was appointed to them, as a penance, to travel for a certain number of years. This apology was probably selected as being most congenial to the superstitions of the countries which they visited. Their appearance, however, and manners, strongly contradicted the allegation that they travelled from any religious motive. Their dress and accoutrements were at once showy and squalid; those who acted as captains and leaders of any horde, and such always appeared as their commanders, were arrayed in dresses of the most showy colours, such as scarlet or light green; were well mounted; assumed the title of dukes and counts, and affected considerable consequence. The rest of the tribe were most miserable in their diet and apparel, fed without hesitation on animals which had died of disease, and were clad in filthy and scanty rags, which hardly sufficed for the ordinary purposes of common decency. Their complexion was positively eastern, approaching to that of the Hindoos. Their manners were as depraved as their appearance was poor and beggarly. The men were in general thieves, and the women of the most abandoned character. The few arts which they studied with success were of a slight and idle, though ingenious description. They practised working in iron, but never upon any great scale. Many were good sportsmen, good musicians, and masters, in a word, of all those trivial arts, the practice of which is little better than mere idleness. But their ingenuity never ascended into industry. Two or three other peculiarities seem to have distinguished them in all countries. Their pretensions to read fortunes by palmistry and by astrology, acquired them sometimes respect, but oftener drew them under sus-

picion as sorcerers; and lastly, the universal accusation that they augmented their horde by stealing children, subjected them to doubt and execration. From this it happened, that the pretension set up by these wanderers, of being pilgrims in the act of penance, although it was at first admitted, and in many instances obtained them protection from the governments of the countries through which they travelled, was afterwards totally disbelieved, and they were considered as incorrigible rogues and vagrants; they incurred almost every where sentence of banishment, and, where suffered to remain, were rather objects of persecution than of protection from the law. There is a curious and accurate account of their arrival in France, in the Journal of a Doctor of Theology, which is preserved and published by the learned Pasquier. The following is an extract:—"On August 27th, 1427, came to Paris twelve penitents, *penanciers*, (penance doers,) as they called themselves, viz. a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Those who were baptized were great lords in their own country, and had a king and queen there. Soon after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them to renounce Christianity. When the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, and other Christian princes, heard of this, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit the country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance to wander over the world, without lying in a bed. They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris first; the principal people, and soon after the commonalty, about 100 or 120, reduced (according to their own account) from 1000 to 200, when they went from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police at some distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis. Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and wore two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, their only clothes a large old duffle garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord, and under it a miserable rocket. In short, they were the most poor miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes, and what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money, and got it into their own, by telling these things through airy magic, et cætera." Notwith-

standing the ingenious account of themselves rendered by these gipsies, the Bishop of Paris ordered a friar, called Le Petit Jacobin, to preach a sermon, excommunicating all the men and women who had had recourse to these Bohemians on the subject of the future, and shown their hands for that purpose. They departed from Paris for Pontoise in the month of September. Pasquier remarks upon this singular journal, that however the story of a penance savours of a trick, these people wandered up and down France, under the eye, and with the knowledge, of the magistrates, for more than a hundred years; and it was not till 1561, that a sentence of banishment was passed against them in that kingdom. The arrival of the Egyptians (as these singular people were called) in various parts of Europe, corresponds with the period in which Timur or Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, affording its natives the choice between the Koran and death. There can be little doubt that these wanderers consisted originally of the Hindostanee tribes, who, displaced, and flying from the sabres of the Mahomedans, undertook this species of wandering life, without well knowing whither they were going. It is natural to suppose the band, as it now exists, is much mingled with Europeans, but most of these have been brought up from childhood among them, and learned all their practices. It is strong evidence of this, that when they are in closest contact with the ordinary peasants around them, they still keep their language a mystery. There is little doubt, however, that it is a dialect of the Hindostanee, from the specimens produced by Grellman, Hoyland, and others, who have written on the subject. But the author has, besides their authority, personal occasion to know, that an individual, out of mere curiosity, and availing himself with patience and assiduity of such opportunities as offered, has made himself capable of conversing with any gipsy whom he meets; or can, like the royal Hal, drink with any tinker in his own language. The astonishment excited among these vagrants on finding a stranger participant of their mystery, occasions very ludicrous scenes. It is to be hoped this gentleman will publish the knowledge he possesses on so singular a topic. There are prudential reasons for postponing this disclosure at present; for although much more reconciled to society since they have been less the objects of legal persecution, the gipsies are still a ferocious and vindictive people. But notwithstanding this is certainly the case, I cannot but add, from my own observation of nearly fifty years, that the manners of these vagrant tribes are much ameliorated;—that I have known individuals amongst them who have united themselves to civilized society, and maintain respectable characters;—and that

great alteration has been wrought in their cleanliness and general mode of life."—*Waverly Novels*—*Quentin Durward*.

Music.

REVIEW.—*The Remembrance, or Songs for the Year 1832.* Edited by T. Latour.

THE editor of this delightful volume should not have given it the second name of "Songs of the Year;" for if we know any thing of popular feeling, the title "Remembrance" is more characteristic of its reception, than its modest *cognomen*.

It is *got up* in the most splendid style, being a perfect union of poetry, painting, and music: indeed, on no occasion before, have we seen the arts crowding together so affectionately to aid each other, as in the instance of this splendid annual. M. Latour, long known as a composer and arranger for the piano forte, in this work assumes a new character; namely, that of a vocal writer; and we congratulate him on his success. His melody is pure, his harmony *always* correct and well-chosen, and his style *elegant*. His accompaniments and symphonies are a pleasant contrast to the every-day *nothings* that we constantly meet with. Of the other contributors we particularly observe the name of Wade attached to seven of the most charming productions we have ever received from the pen of that highly-accomplished composer. The duet, "Fair rose, flow down the stream," will, we doubt not, become an universal and lasting favorite. The productions of Messrs. Ball, Attfield, Seymour, and others, add not a little to the recommendations of this handsome and agreeable volume.

Licensing of Music.—"Almost every public-house in Wurtemberg, and other countries in the south of Germany, has a music-room, with a piano, and takes in several newspapers," says a correspondent in *Loudon's Gardener's Magazine*: and he adds, "We do not despair of seeing something similar adopted in this country."—Nor do I, when the magistrates once open their eyes to the policy—to the necessity of encouraging innocent amusements, unconnected with sotting, among the lower orders. These are allowed to pour a deleterious liquor, called gin, down their throats, till they are only fit to be transferred from the tap-room to the straw-yard; but if a fiddle is heard in a public-house, the police are immediately on the alert; and should that be accompanied by singing or dancing, straightway the officers of justice, acting under orders, enter the *disorderly* room, and the offenders may think themselves fortunate if they are not forthwith carried off to the legal *finish*, i. e. the watch-house. As to a pianoforte, I verily believe that the publican who had

kept one for the use of his customers would have had no chance whatever of getting his license renewed, under the old regime. He would, even now, be regarded with a very suspicious eye, and not be able to count many friends among the leading members of the select vestry of his parish; for I am strongly imbued with a belief that the rich retail tradesman is, generally speaking, much more jealous of the happiness of the artisans, upon whose ingenuity and industry he has fattened, than are the highest classes;—for let it be remembered, that the licensing system was abolished by Parliament in opposition to the wishes, and in spite of the strenuous exertions, of a multitude of *little great* people—lovers of authority, however brief and small; and that these are still exerting every influence so to modify the new bill as to make it work very much in the mischievous manner of that which it superseded.—*Dilettante, in Harmonicon.*

Fine Arts.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare; exhibited in a Series of Outline Plates, illustrative of the Story of each Play. Drawn and Engraved by Frank Howard. No. 22. *Troilus and Cressida, and Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* Cadell.

WE have observed these illustrations as they successively appeared during the last two years, and have great pleasure in being able to express our admiration of the general style and taste in which they are executed. Mr. Howard has been careful to select such incidents as are best calculated to elucidate the progress of each story, and the manner in which he preserves the identity of his characters throughout, is a great addition to the interest of his designs. His figures are always in correct drawing, and generally in attitudes of vigour or grace, and the outline engraving, in which they are represented, is full of freedom and delicacy of touch. In martial subjects, though never so crowded, the *dramatis personæ* are clearly defined, the armour and costume being very strictly attended to; his female figures are some of the most classically graceful we have seen from the hand of modern art. Mr. Howard's task is now nearly completed, thirty-two plays having been most liberally illustrated;—when the series is complete, it will doubtless be incorporated by many amateurs, in their octavo editions of the great dramatist's works.

George Cruikshank's Illustrations of Tom Jones. Vol. II.

THE four plates in the present volume are equal to any, and superior to many that have preceded them. The first, that of "Partridge's Faux Pas with the Gipsy," contains no less than nineteen figures and

heads, each individually characteristic, and full of originality and variety. "Squire Weston seizing Tom Jones at Upton" is full of spirit; and "The awkward Situation of Lady Bellaston," of a very respectable merit, though far inferior to "Squire Weston and his Lady Cousins," which is admirable for expression and comic effect.

The Caricaturist, a Monthly Retrospect of the Follies of the Day, Political and Humorous. Nos. I. to VI.

IT is all a farce to talk about the "dulness of the times," when such waggeries as these are every month permitted. "The Caricaturist" is a fine large sheet, well crammed with good things, wherein mirth is made the most of, and melancholy shockingly travestied. The world is really becoming alarmingly funny.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Bride of Ludgate; No Song no Supper; Hyder Ali.

Saturday.—The Barber of Seville; the Bride of Ludgate.

Monday.—Richard the Third; Hyder Ali.

Tuesday.—The Barber of Seville; the Bride of Ludgate.

Wednesday.—Masaniello, Hyder Ali.

Thursday.—The Barber of Seville; the Bride of Ludgate.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—Fra Diavolo; the Irish Ambassador.

Saturday.—Artaxerxes; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

Monday.—Venice Preserved; Auld Robin Gray; the Blind Boy.

Tuesday.—Artaxerxes; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

Wednesday.—Fazio; Country Quarters; the Irish Ambassador.

Thursday.—The Beggar's Opera; the Irish Ambassador.

WE omitted last week to mention one or two little novelties, which had appeared to enliven the tedium of our larger theatres.

The Country Quarters at Covent Garden, is a new *bagatelle*, "intended solely," the papers say, "to display the versatile talents of little Miss Poole." This is a great mistake, however: the intention of every theatrical performance is, or ought to be, the amusement and edification of the audience assembled; not the gratification of individual vanity on the part of the performers. We believe Miss Poole to be a clever little girl, but surely it requires no great "versatility of talent" to look impudent and make a noise in a boy's jacket and trowsers. All we can say is, that if she have talent, this is the very way to murder it in its first budding, and totally to unfit it for future exertion in its maturity. Why not let her study in the school of nature, and "display," if that is the word, her precocious abilities in some little character, at once adapted to her tender years, and her amiable sex?

We observe, however, that she is doomed to play *Tom Fool*, or *Tom Thumb*, or *Tom Something*, in the forth-coming Christmas pantomime. She must not be disappointed, some years hence, if, when these little fooleries cease to be laughed at, she fail of captivating our more solid judgment.

The Bride of Ludgate, at Drury Lane, is a very heavy affair; it pretends to be original, but there is decidedly nothing new in its originality. It is all about "Merry King Charles's" follies, with incidental intrigues, such as have been dramatised a hundred times already. Wallack, whatever "versatile talent" he may have once enjoyed, has decidedly none at present; his *King Charles* being acted throughout with the identical point and humour as his *Massaroni*. Miss Phillips is becoming dreadfully stiff and demure, and sadly wants to forget herself and her audience; and Mr. Cooper, who is thrust into a foolish noisy part, (*Captain Mouth*), with jack-boots and a big nose, for the first time in his theatrical career, displeased us. The plot of this piece is old, and the dialogue also aims at the quaintness of antiquity; it is tedious in the extreme, and the jokes, which were planned and entrapped full half-an-hour before wanted, are but seldom understood.

ADELPHI.

Monday.—FAVOURITES IN TOWN, or Stage Arrivals; Victorine, Hyder Ali.

THE new extravaganza here is a mere collection of "modern antiques." Yates's character, *Mr. Whistlecraft*, a country manager, is a revival of Mathews's portrait of Tate Wilkinson, and the whole idea of the piece is stolen from *Success, or a Hit if you Like it*, which had a considerable run in Terry and Yate's first season. All the "hits" of the various theatres—*Don Giovanni*, *Black Eyed Susan*, *Massaroni*, *Billy Black*, *Paul Pry*, &c. &c. are brought upon the stage, and placed in a would-be ludicrous juxta-position. The meeting, however, is almost as destitute of fun, as the dialogue of the piece is of point, although strewn with numberless stale puns. Reeve, as *Paul Pry*; Wilkinson, as *Billy Black*; O'Smith, as *the Brigand*;—not to mention Yates himself in the *Old Manager*, and a "Young Lady" who made a timid debut in *Black Eyed Susan*, did all that was possible to infuse spirit into this performance, but it would not do. There was frequent hissing, and great opposition at the conclusion; and, although it may be forced down for a few nights, it will never be any thing like a *Favourite in Town*. Mr. Moncrieff is said to be entitled to the honours of its authorship.

OLYMPIC.

Wednesday.—The Chaste Salute; THE DUMB BELLE; The Widow; Gervase Skinner.

NOTWITHSTANDING the attraction of Madame's entertainments, she has varied them

by producing another new burletta, in which she herself takes the most prominent character. As *Eliza Ardenton* we can hardly determine when she is most fascinating; her looks alone, when she is supposed to be without the use of that feminine organ—tongue, are sufficiently captivating to “bind the rivets of love’s chain,” but when she opens her lips, and unexpectedly “warbles dulcet sounds,” the effect is irresistible. Mr. James Vining has almost too much solidity for her lover, although, doubtless, an unexceptionable stage-manager.

SURREY.

THE season here is closed—for a recess of almost a fortnight; during which the company, not to be idle, intend to take a town in the country. The last nights were only remarkable for the re-production of the German opera of *The Nightingale and the Raven*, in which young Russell, who was one of the juvenile company some years ago, resumed his old part, after a residence in Italy. The other characters, heretofore filled by Master Burke and his compeers, are now done by grown-up ladies and gentlemen. The change is hardly for the better.

COBURG.

Monday.—The Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish; Gilderoy; The French Spy.

MADemoiselle CELESTE has been exported to the transthamistic regions, and is the reigning *dumb belle* of the Coburg. Mr. Bernard’s un-understandable hash from “The Borderers” is more in place here than at the Adelphi. Its melo-dramatic monstrosities are just the thing for Lambeth Marsh. *The French Spy*, dubbed a “new piece” in the bills, we perfectly recollect seeing at the Queen’s Theatre this spring. It tells of the deeds of the “Grande Nation” in Algiers, and with the aid of combats, processions, marches, murders, &c. &c. aided by the Celeste’s speaking action, goes off with becoming eclat.

SADLER’S WELLS.

Monday.—The Roebuck; Jack Sheppard, the House Breaker; Black Caesar.

WE are sorry the managers of the Wells are so ill-advised as to bring forward so disgusting a transcript from “The Newgate Calendar” as *Jack Sheppard*, a piece which it is a disgrace to the “Minor” stage to have produced. Young Grimaldi is the hero, and he seems vastly fond of the character.

CITY.

Monday, (last night of the season.)—Othello; Brazen-nose College; Black Eyed Susan; The Benefit of Hanging.

MR. CHAPMAN, the proprietor of this house, having been fined 350*l.* for acting the regular drama at the Tottenham Street Theatre, took a liquidating benefit here on Monday, when the company was reinforced

by several members of the Surrey Theatre. We are, afraid, however, that he must still be woefully minus. His own company, (a very poor one,) gave their services gratuitously.

PAVILION.

Tuesday.—Veniced Preserved; Clari.

The attraction here is the appearance of the Kean and Young of the eastern suburbs, Messrs. Freer and Elton, on one and the same stage. Hitherto they have revolved in different—nay, in contrary orbits. We hardly know to which the palm will ultimately be assigned; one thing is certain, that both have most enthusiastic admirers. We cannot help thinking that the engagement of one or other of these gentlemen would be no discredit to the Covent Garden management. At present they are in grievous want of decent performers of second-tragedy.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

J. D.’s “*Ballad on the Life of Lord Byron*” is rather novel, and will probably be inserted.

Alpha, M. N. S. and others will be answered next week.

The “Dismal Story,” in our last, was taken from the “Friendship’s Offering;” the usual acknowledgment being accidentally omitted.

All communications must be Post Paid, or we cannot take them in. A letter from Malta was refused the other day.

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN has now been twelve weeks before the public,—no great age to brag of perhaps, though somewhat exceeding the limits which the fears of some, and the hopes of others had, twelve weeks ago, affixed to our career.

“Hailed (before our appearance) with the welcome of kindness” by *The Literary Gazette*, and subsequently noticed in terms of encouragement and praise by the principal journals of the day, both metropolitan and provincial,—flattered by the accumulating commendations and good wishes of unknown correspondents,—and further gratified by the continual increase in the demand for our publications, may we venture to hope that our brief progress has not been altogether inglorious and unprofitable?

Anxious, however, that our claims to favour should increase as favour is showered upon us, and that as friends arrive we should secure their lasting friendship and good will by redoubled exertions to please and instruct, we have come to the following determinations:—

1. What we’ve done well, to do the more;
2. To do much good we never did before.

For we will frankly confess, that, though our little paper has given very general satisfaction to those who have patronized it, and though considerable care and expense have been devoted to it, there are many points in which it is yet susceptible of improvement,

and many features, which, as a literary journal, it ought to comprise, but of which, through a little mismanagement, excusable in an inexperienced hand, it has often been deficient.

We beg therefore to give notice, that

On Saturday, January 7,

Will be published, the First Number of

THE LITERARY GUARDIAN

For 1832;

When many improvements, both in the editorial and mechanical arrangements, will be introduced:—

In the Editorial Department a more vigilant and active care will be taken both in the selection and adaptation of our contents. In our Reviews, while all works of merit will receive impartial and friendly judgment, we shall be careful to select, for analytical notice, such works as may promise most entertainment to the greater number of readers. The secondary matters of MUSIC, the DRAMA, FINE ARTS, &c., will be brought into somewhat higher importance, than hitherto, in our columns, though not with such verbosity as to become tedious to those who read merely for amusement. SCIENCE and the USEFUL ARTS will also be attended to, and the proceedings of LEARNED SOCIETIES briefly noted down. A variety of minor matters, too numerous to mention, will also be introduced.

In the Mechanical Department, attention will be especially paid to the printing, as regards not only the “composition,” but the “working-off” of the sheet;—our page will then exhibit a neatness and symmetry, of which, we fear, it has been long susceptible.

With these increased recommendations to public favour, our paper will, from and after the above date, be published at

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desolate, predestined methodism in Clinker's face,
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scrambling wretchedness, the mean horror of Ma-
thew Bramble's drowning face and figure; the
fright of Strap and his bed-fellow at the Raven;
the mortal, death's-head agony of Trunnion run
away with by the horse, with the carman looking
up from the pass over which he is flying; and
Trunnion's mixed fear and valour in his rencontre
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